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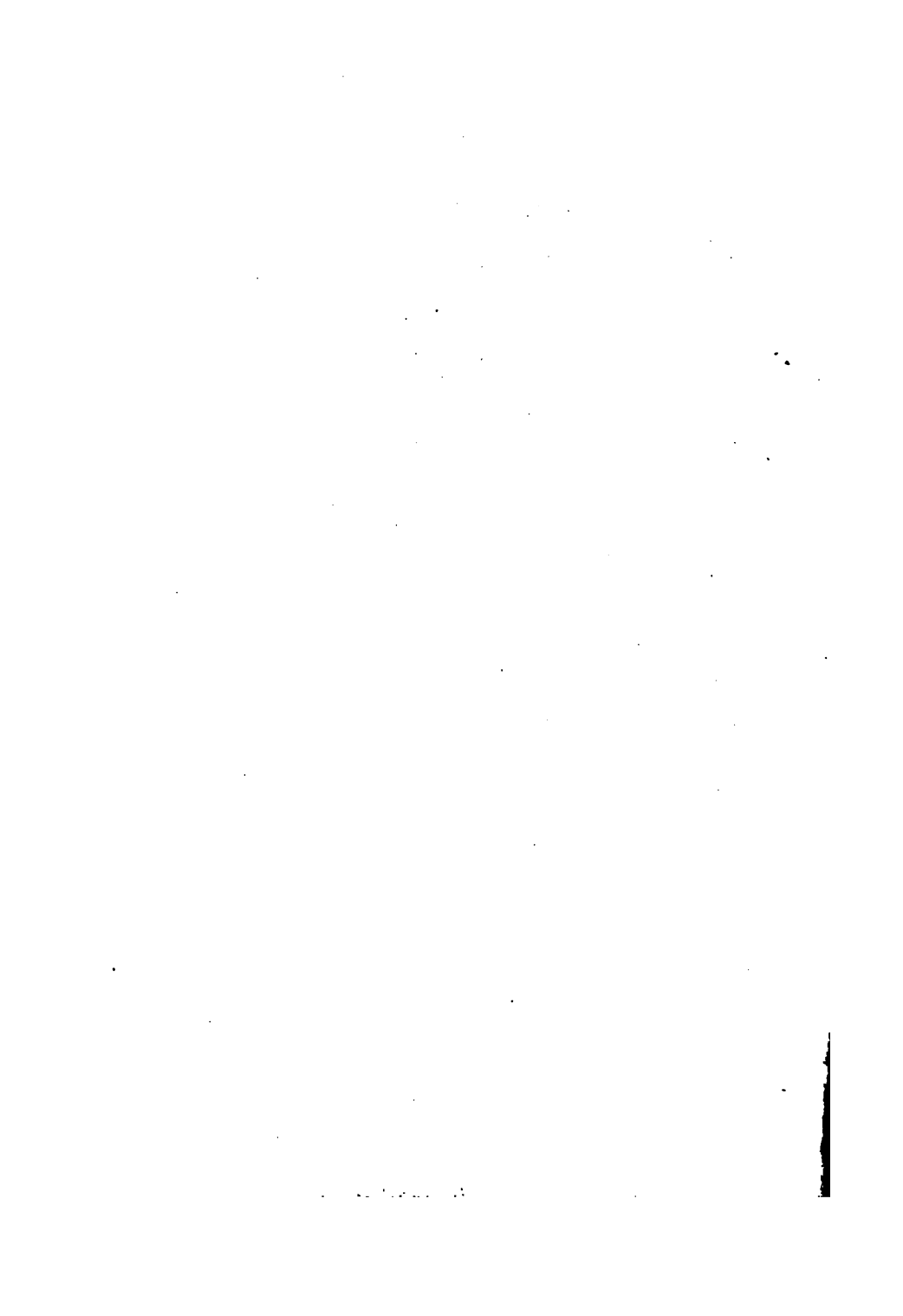
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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

AT

**BOOTH'S THEATRE.**

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MISS CUSHMAN, as Lady Macbeth.

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MACDUFF.....	MR. F. B. WARDE.
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FLEANCE.....	MISS KEMP.
SEYTON.....	MR. G. F. BOLTON.
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Adapted from the Text of the Cambridge Editors, with Introductory Remarks, &c

By HENRY L. HINTON.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Of this adaptation of *Macbeth* as cast for its first representation at Booth's Theatre,  
New York, \_\_\_\_\_.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.....	_____
MALCOLM, } his sons. { .....	_____
DONALBAIN, } .....	_____
MACBETH, } generals of the king's army. { .....	_____
BANQUO, } .....	_____
MACDUFF, } .....	_____
LENNOX, } .....	_____
ROSS, } noblemen of Scotland. { .....	_____
MENTEITH, } .....	_____
ANGUS, } .....	_____
CAITHNESS, } .....	_____
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.....	_____
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.....	_____
Young SIWARD, his son.....	_____
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.....	_____
A Doctor.....	A Messenger.....
A Sergeant.....	A Servant.....
A Porter.....	First Murderer.....
An Old Man.....	Second Murderer.....
An Attendant.....	_____
LADY MACBETH.....	_____
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.....	_____
HECATE.....	_____
First Witch.....	First Apparition.....
Second Witch.....	Second Apparition.....
Third Witch.....	Third Apparition.....

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE : *Scotland : England.*

NOTE.—The asterisks that occasionally appear in the text refer to the glossary.



THE TRAGEDY  
OF  
MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Sec. Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

*First Witch.* Where the place?

*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin.\*

*All.* Paddock\* calls :—anon!

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX,  
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant<sup>1</sup>  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend !  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

*Ser.* Doubtful it stood ;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles  
Of kernes \* and gallowglasses \* is supplied ;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's drab : but all's too weak :  
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
Till he faced the slave ;  
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

*Ser.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swel's. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,

<sup>1</sup> ' Sergeants,' in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished title ; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esq

Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Ser.* Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;  
So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize \* another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell—

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended*]

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthythane of Ross.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look  
That seems to speak strange things.

*Enter Ross.*

*Ross.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence camest thou, worthythane?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold.  
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Bellona's bridegroom' is here undoubtedly Macbeth; but Henley and Steevens, fancying that the God of War was meant, chuckle over Shakespeare's ignorance in not knowing that Mars was not the husband of Bellona.—'Lapp'd in proof,' is, covered with armour of proof.—By 'him,' is meant 'Norway,' and by 'self-comparisons,' is meant that he gave him as good as he brought—showed that he was his equal.

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Ross.* That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. *A heath.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me,'  
quoth I:

'Aroint\* thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon\* cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

*Sec. Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

*Third Witch.* And I another.

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other;  
And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay :  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;  
He shall live a man forbid : \*  
Weary se'nnights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :<sup>1</sup>  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

*Third Witch.* A drum, a drum !  
Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about :  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace ! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Forres ? What are these  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you aught  
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying

<sup>1</sup> The disease now known as *marasmus*, was one of the evils most commonly attributed to witchcraft ; because by the inferior pathological knowledge of the days when witches were believed in it could be attributed to no physiological cause. The witch was supposed to produce this effect by puncturing with needles or melting away a little waxen image of her intended victim.—WHITZ.



Upon her skinny lips : you should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can : what are you ?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of  
Glamis !

*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor !

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter !

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair ? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical,\* or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt\* withal : to me you speak not :  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail !

*Sec. Witch.* Hail !

*Third Witch.* Hail !

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*Sec. Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :  
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis ;  
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman ; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way :

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

*[Witches vanish.]*

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them : whither are they vanish'd ?

*Macb.* Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd !

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak about ?  
Or have we eaten on the insane \* root  
That takes the reason prisoner ?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too : went it not so ?

*Ban.* To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here ?

*Enter Ross and ANGUS.*

*Ross.* The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
**The** news of thy success : and when he reads  
**Thy** personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
**His** wonders and his praises do contend  
**Which** should be thine or his : silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
**He** finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
**Nothing** afeard of what thyself didst make,  
**Strange** images of death. As thick as hail  
**Came** post with post, and every one did bear  
**Thy** praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
**And** pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true ?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me  
In borrow'd robes ?

*Ang.* Who was the thane lives yet,  
But under heavy judgement bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor •  
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them ?

*Ban.* That, trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle \* you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.  
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good : if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion \*  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated \* heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature ? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings :  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single \* state of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may  
crown me,

Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour : my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more-time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Camp near Forres. The same as scene second.*

*Flourish.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and  
Attendants.

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor ? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd ?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report



*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not used for you :  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;  
So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor !

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Macbeth.*]

*Macb.* The Prince of Cumberland !<sup>1</sup> that is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires :  
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* 'They met me in the day of success ; and I have  
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than  
mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them  
further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished.

<sup>1</sup> In those early days the crown of Scotland was not hereditary ; and, upon the appointment of a successor during the life of the King, the former was immediately erected Prince of Cumberland. Hence Macbeth's anxiety.—WHITZ.

Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
 What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
 Art not without ambition, but without  
 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,  
 That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
 Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,\*  
 Which fate and metaphysical \* aid doth seem  
 To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

*Mess.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.*

Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mess.* So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:  
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
 Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.*  
He brings great news.

Give him tending;

[*Exit Messenger*]

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal \* thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall,<sup>1</sup> you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless \* substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall \* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,<sup>2</sup>  
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

<sup>1</sup> That is, not use my milk for gall, but give me gall instead of my milk.

<sup>2</sup> There have been various substitutes proposed by the commentators for the word 'blanket,' as 'blank height,' 'blankness,' 'blackness,' &c. Mr. Grant White says:—"The man who does not apprehend the meaning and the pertinence of the figure 'the blanket of the dark,' had better shut his Shakespeare, and give his days and nights to the perusal of—some more correct and classic writer."



*Lady M.* O, never  
 Shall sun that morrow see !  
 Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,  
 But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming  
 Must be provided for : and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dispatch ;  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear ;  
 To alter favour\* ever is to fear :  
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,  
 LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
 By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath  
 Smells wooingly here : no jutting,\* frieze,  
 Buttress, nor coign\* of vantage, but this bird  
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :  
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

*Dun.* See, see, our honour'd hostess !  
 The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God'ild \* us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single \* business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.\*

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor ?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand ;  
Condu& me to mine host : we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly : if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his<sup>1</sup> surcease,\* success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

<sup>1</sup> 'His' for 'its,' referring to assassination.

We'd jump the life to come.<sup>1</sup> But in these cases  
 We still have judgement here ; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off ;  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
 And falls on the other.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

How now ! what news ?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd : why have you left the cham

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me ?

*Lady M.*

Know you not he has ?

<sup>1</sup> That is, set it at naught, disregard it.

<sup>2</sup> Hanmer inserted 'side' here upon conjecture, and some editors have followed. 'Side' may have been meant by the Poet, but it was not said. And the sense better without it, as this shows the speaker to be in such an eagerly-expectant state of mind as to break off the instant he has a prospect of any news.—It hath been ingeniously proposed to change 'itself' into 'its sell,' an old word for *saddle*. E change is necessary, the using of 'self' for 'aim' or 'purpose' being quite lawf idiomatic ; as we often say, such a one 'overshot himself,' that is, overshot his his aim.—HUDSON.

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business :  
 He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely ? From this time  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
 As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage ?<sup>1</sup>

*Macb.* Prithee, peace :  
 I dare do all that may become a man ;  
 Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was't then  
 That made you break this enterprise to me ?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
 Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail ?

<sup>1</sup> The proverb in old English was, The catt wolle fyssh, etc., but she wol not her fote

*Lady M.*

We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince\*  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbec\* only : when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell ?\*

*Macb.*

Bring forth men-children only ;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't ?

*Lady M.*

Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death ?

*Macb.*

I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show :

False faith must hide what the false heart doth know. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy ?

*Fle.* The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fl.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry\* in heaven,  
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose! Give me my sword.  
Who's there?

*Enter MACBETH and a Servant with a torch.*

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,<sup>1</sup> when 'tis  
It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,

<sup>1</sup> That is, if you will stick to my side, to what has my consent; if you will tie yourself to my fortunes and counsel.

I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while !

*Ban.* Thanks, sir : the like to you !

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance*]

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;

And on thy blade and dudgeon\* gouts\* of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such thing :

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep ; witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings*]

I go, and it is done : the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath made me  
bold ;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark ! Peace !  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman  
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it :  
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [Within] Who's there ? what, ho !

*Lady M.* Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked  
And 'tis not done : the attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept I had done't.

*Re-enter* MACBETH.

My husband !

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise ?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

*Macb.* When ?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended ?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.



*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried  
'Murder!'

That they did awake each other : I stood and heard them :  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

*Macb.* One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands :  
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'  
When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?  
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more !  
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve \* of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean ?

*Macb.* Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house :  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more : Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?  
They must lie there : go carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more :  
I am afraid to think what I have done ;

Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. *[Exit. Knocking within.]*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,\*  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. *[Knocking within.]* I hear a knocking  
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.<sup>1</sup> *[Knocking within.]* Hark! more  
knocking:  
Get on your nightgown,<sup>2</sup> lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers: be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know \* my deed, 'twere best not know myself.  
*[Knocking within.]*  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!  
*[Exeunt. Knocking within.]*

<sup>1</sup> That is, your firmness hath forsaken you, doth not attend you.

<sup>2</sup> Macbeth's nightgown, that worn by Julius Cæsar (Act II. Sc. 2) and by the Ghost in the old *Hamlet* (Act III. Sc. 4), answers to our *robes de chambre*, and were not, as I have found many intelligent people to suppose, the garments worn in bed.—WHITE.

*Enter a Porter.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old \* turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins \* enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Porter.* 'Faith, sir, we—

*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Porter.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requi-  
him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he  
took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?  
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir!

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.*

Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him :  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.*

I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;  
But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.*

I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited \* service.

[*Exit.**Len.* Goes the king hence to-day ?*Macb.*

He does : he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly : where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,  
And prophesying \* with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatch'd to the woful time : the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.*

'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart  
Can not conceive nor name thee.

*Macb.**Len.*

What's the matter ?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.*

What is't you say ? the life ?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty ?*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ;  
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenn*

Awake, awake !

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason !  
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself ! up, up, and see  
The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror !

[*Bell rin*

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time ; for from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality :  
All is but toys : renown and grace is dead ;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss ?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't :  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom ?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't :  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows :  
They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so ?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man :  
 The expedition of my violent love  
 Outran the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,  
 His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
 For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,  
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,  
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage to make his love known?

*Ban.* Let us meet,  
 And question this most bloody piece of work,  
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :  
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
 Against the undivulged pretence \* I fight  
 Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
 And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter Ross with an old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well :  
 Within the volume of which time I have seen  
 Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last  
A falcon towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said they eat each other.

*Ross.* They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Ross.* Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Ross.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?\*

*Macd.* They were suborn'd:  
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still:  
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin\* up  
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already named, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
And guardian of their bones.

*Ross.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Ross.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!  
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Ross.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad and friends of foes! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Forres. The palace.*

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and I fear  
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well  
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,



And all-thing unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness  
Command upon me, to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: \* but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return to-night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*]

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men  
Our pleasure ?

*Attend.* They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*]

To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus : our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares,  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear : and under him  
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him ; then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed \* my mind ;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance ! \* Who's there ?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. [*Exit Attendant.*]  
Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*First Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.*

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand,<sup>1</sup> how cross'd, the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours for ever.

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs,\* water-rugs and demi-wolves, are cleft  
All by the name of dogs: and so of men.  
Now if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

*Sec. Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

<sup>1</sup> That is, passed in proving to you how you were delusively encouraged, so  
a belief of favor.

*First Mur.* And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Now Banquo was your enemy.

*Both Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine, and in such bloody distance  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For\* certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*Sec. Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.* Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at  
most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,<sup>1</sup>  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness: and with him—  
To leave no rubs nor blotches in the work—  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,

<sup>1</sup> We understand this passage as follows: Macbeth has said,

'I will advise you where to plant yourselves:'

he then adds, 'Acquaint you,'—inform yourselves—'with the perfect spy'—with a most careful inquiry—'o' the time'—the expected time of Banquo's return;—

'The moment on't; for't must be done to-night.'—KNIGHT.

Whose absence is no less material to me  
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :  
 I'll come to you anon.

*Both Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight : abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded : Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit*]

SCENE III. *The palace Another room.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court ?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
 For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will.

[*E*]

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content :

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,  
 Of sorriest \* fancies your companions making ;  
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
 With them they think on ? Things without all remedy  
 Should be without regard : what's done is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd \* the snake, not kill'd it :  
 She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

*Lady M.* Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence,\* both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,<sup>1</sup>  
And make our faces visards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.\*

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard\*-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,\*  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling\* night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand

<sup>1</sup> That is, unsafe is that time in which our royalty is obliged to stoop to flattery

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
 Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens, and the crow  
 Makes wing to the rooky wood :  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.  
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;  
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill :  
 So, prithee, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV. *Hall in the palace.*

*A banquet prepared. MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX,  
 Lords, and Attendants discovered.*

*Mach.* You know your own degrees ; sit down : at first  
 And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Mach.* Ourselves will mingle with society  
 And play the humble host.  
 Our hostess keeps her state,\* but in best time  
 We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,  
 For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

*Mach.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.  
 Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst :  
 Be large in mirth ; anon we'll drink a measure  
 The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There's blood upon thy  
 face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Mach.* 'Tis better thee without than he within.<sup>1</sup>  
 Is he dispatch'd ?

<sup>1</sup> Most editors, following Johnson, explain these words to mean 'I am better pleased that his blood should be on thy face than he in this room.' But such an explanation strips the entire passage of its poetic and intensely dramatic interest. Macbeth's

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

*Mach.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet he's good  
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

*Mach.* [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again : I had else been  
perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air :

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe ?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
The least a death to nature.

*Mach.* Thanks for that.

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone : to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

*Lady M.* My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome :<sup>1</sup> to feed were best at home ;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;

Meeting were bare without it.

*Mach.* Sweet remembrancer !

Now good digestion wait on appetite,

speech is not in answer to the murderer's words, but is addressed to his own thought, and means : "Tis better that I should be compelled to look 'without' upon thee who represent in person my murderous deed, than that I should see Banquo here 'within.' Thus, too, these words, showing, as they do, whither Macbeth's thoughts are tending, are a fit prelude to the actual apparition of the murdered man.—EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup> The feast is sold—is offered as a mere return for feasts received—when the host does not frequently vouch, while it is going on or 'a-making,' that 'tis given with welcome.



And health on both !

*Len.* May't please your highness sit.

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present ;

*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in Macbeth's place*

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance !

*Ross.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company.

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserved, sir.

*Macb.* Where ?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your  
ness ?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this ?

*Lords.* What, my good k

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it : never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends : my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep seat ;  
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought  
He will again be well : if much you note him,  
You shall offend him and extend his passion :  
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man ?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff !  
This is the very painting of your fear :  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws\* and starts,  
Impostors to \* true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost.]

*Lady M.* What, quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

*The Ghost of BANQUO re-enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;  
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
 But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;  
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare :  
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;  
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
 Shall never tremble : or be alive again,  
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;  
 If trembling I inhabit then,<sup>1</sup> protest me  
 The baby of a girl.<sup>2</sup> Hence, horrible shadow !  
 Unreal mockery, hence !

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Why, so : being gone,  
 I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displaced the mirth, broke the good  
 meeting,  
 With most admired disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
 Without our special wonder ? You make me strange  
 Even to the disposition that I owe,\*  
 When now I think you can behold such sights,  
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Ross.* What sights, my lord ?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and worse ;  
 Question enrages him : at once, good night :  
 Stand not upon the order of your going,

<sup>1</sup> That is, if then I am encompassed by trembling, and so, if I inhabit trembling,—  
 use of 'inhabit' so highly figurative, and so exceedingly rare, that it has made this  
 passage the occasion of much controversy, but which is neither illogical nor without  
 example. 'But thou art holy, O thou that *inhabitest the praises of Israel*' Psalm xxii. 3.

—W.—TE.

<sup>2</sup> That is, a girl's doll.

But go at once. A kind good night to all.

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*]

*Macb.* It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augures \* and understood relations have  
By maggot-pies \* and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way, but I will send:  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.<sup>1</sup>

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear<sup>2</sup> that wants hard use:  
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

<sup>1</sup> Johnson explains this: "You want sleep," which "seasons" or gives the relish to "all natures."

<sup>2</sup>The 'initiate fear' is the fear that attends the first stages of guilt.—The 'and' in this speech is redundant.

*Sec. Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries ' 'Tis time, tis time.'

*First Witch.* Round about the cauldron go :

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake ;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf \*

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat and slips of yew

Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab :

Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,\*

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

---

*Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, to the other three Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done ! I commend your pains ;  
And every one shall share i' the gains :  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

Black Spirits and White,  
Blue Spirits and Gray,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

[*Hecate retires.*]

*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes :  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks !

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !  
What is't you do ?

*All.* A deed, without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me :  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down ;  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure  
Of nature's germins\* tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken ; answer me  
To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Sec. Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths  
Or from our masters ?

*Macb.* Call 'em, let me see 'em.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low ;  
Thyself and office deftly\* show !

*Thunder.* *First Apparition : an armed Head.*<sup>1</sup>

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

*First Witch.* He knows thy thoug  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*First App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me : enough. [*Desce.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks ;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright : but one word more,—

*First Witch.* He will not be commanded : here's another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* *Second Apparition : a bloody Child.*

*Sec. App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*Sec. App.* Be bloody, bold and resolute ; laugh to scorn

<sup>1</sup> The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought Malcom by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before the tyrant. — Upton.

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder.* Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*Third App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

*Macb.* That will never be:

Who can impress\* the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!  
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [Hautboys.]

*First Witch.* Show!

*Sec. Witch.* Show!



*Third Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;  
Come like shadows, so depart !

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand ; BANQ*  
*Ghost following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo : down !  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags !  
Why do you show me this ? A fourth ! Start, eyes !  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?\*  
Another yet ! A seventh ! I'll see no more :  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more ; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :  
Horrible sight ! Now I see 'tis true ;  
For the blood-bolter'd \* Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. What, is this so ?  
*[Music. The Witches van.*  
Where are they ? Gone ? Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !  
Come in, without there !

*Enter LENNOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will ?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters ?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you ?

*Len.* No indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did hear  
The galloping of horse : who was't came by ?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England !

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits :  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;  
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool :  
But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?  
Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *England. Before the King's palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride<sup>1</sup> our down-fall'n birthdom : each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail ;  
What know, believe ; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend,\* I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest : you have loved him well ;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something

<sup>1</sup> To 'bestride' one that was down in battle, was a special bravery of friendship.

You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon ;  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose :  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness \* left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking ? I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country :  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee : wear thou thy wrongs ;  
The title is affeer'd.\* Fare thee well, lord :  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended :  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds : I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands : but for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,

Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean : in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted  
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours.

*Mal.* The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,

Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !

No, not to live. O nation miserable !  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accursed,  
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king : the queen that bore thee,  
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste : but God above  
Deal between thee and me ! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. What I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command :  
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness

Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Mal.* Well, more anon.

See, who comes here ?

My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now : good God betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers !

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Ross.* Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems

A modern\* ecstasy :\* the dead man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What's the newest grief ?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children ?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

*Ross.* No ; they were all at peace when I did leave 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes 't ?

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :  
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither : gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Ross.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch \* them.

*Macd.* What concern they  
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief \*  
Due to some single breast ?

*Ross.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum ! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry \* of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven !  
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too?

*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*Ross.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,  
Cut short all intermission;\* front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

[*Ex:unt.*



## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown<sup>1</sup> upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

<sup>1</sup> See note, page 33.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.<sup>1</sup> Oh, oh, oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not

<sup>1</sup> The smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspirations, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapors of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atreides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fusell, in his lectures, informs us, that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion — VERPLANCE.

so pale : I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on's grave.

*Doñ.* Even so ?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate : come, come, come, come, give me your hand : what's done cannot be undone : to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter* MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, *and* LENNOX.

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff :  
Revenge burn in them ; for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified\* man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file  
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant ?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :  
Some say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

*Caith.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs  
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?  
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus :  
' Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures :  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon ! \*  
Where got'st thou that goose look ?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain ?

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? \*  
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence. [Exit *Serv.*]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
 I have lived long enough: my way of life  
 Is fall'n into the sear,\* the yellow leaf,  
 And that which should accompany old age,  
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
 Seyton!

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
 Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr\* the country round;  
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour:

*Enter Doctor.*

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
 That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.*

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.*

Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

*Enter* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MEN-  
TEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Solders,  
*marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.*

We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.*

The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Len.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope :  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :

Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;  
The cry is still 'They come : ' our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up :  
Were they not forced\* with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise ?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears :

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell \* of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave!

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,



Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive  
 Till famine cling\* thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
 I pull in<sup>1</sup> resolution, and begin  
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
 That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood  
 Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood  
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
 If this which he avouches does appear,  
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.  
 Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

*Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,  
 And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
 Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,  
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  
 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,  
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> Monck Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which explains the use of 'pull in':

'All my spirits,

As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,  
 Pull in their powers and give me up to destiny.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.**Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,  
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman ? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name ?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face !  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns\* whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves : either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be ;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited :\* let me find him, fortune !  
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarums.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.**Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord ; the castle's gently render'd :  
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;  
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;  
 The day almost itself professes yours,  
 And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
 That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
 On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
 Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn !

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee :  
 But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged  
 With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words :  
 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain  
 Than terms can give thee out ! [*They fight.*]

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour :  
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant\* air  
 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed :  
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
 To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm,  
 And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
 Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man !  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense ;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze \* o' the time .  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last : lay on, Macduff ;  
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[*Alarums. They fight, Macbeth is slain.*]

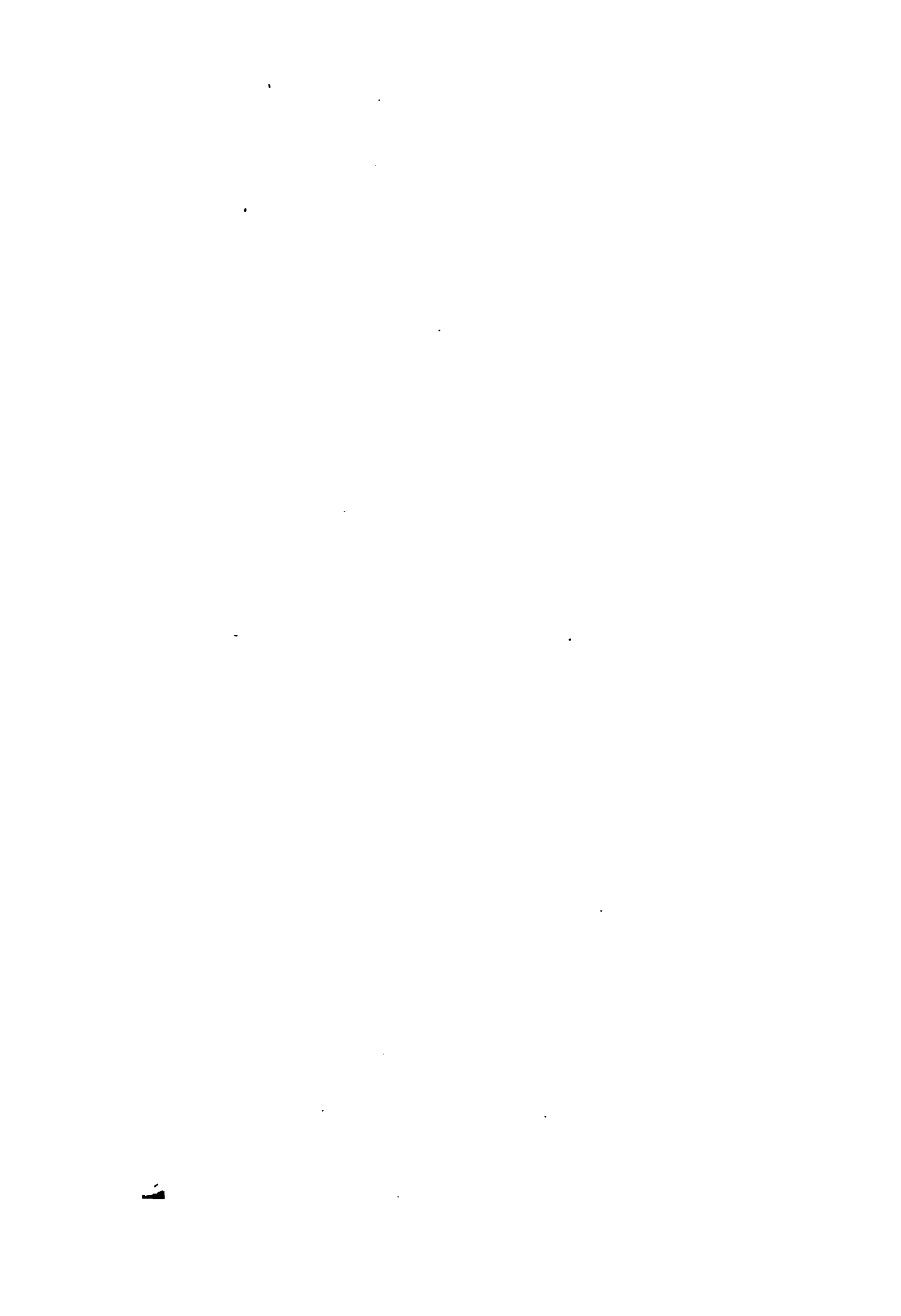
*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours MALCOLM,  
old SIWARD, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Macd.* [*To Malcolm.*] Hail, King of Scotland !

*All.*

Hail, King of Scotland !

[*Flourish. The curtain falls.*]



## GLOSSARY.

- Affered*, assessed, confirmed.  
*Aroint*, get thee gone.  
*Augur*, augury.  
*Blood-boltered*, smeared with blood.  
*Bruit*, to noise abroad.  
*Chandron*, entrails.  
*Chuck*, chicken, a term of endearment.  
*Cling*, to starve.  
*Coign*, projecting corner-stone.  
*Convince*, to conquer, subdue.  
*Crack*, a loud noise, clap, 'Crack of doom,' dissolution of nature.  
*Defily*, dexterously.  
*Dudgeon*, the handle of a dagger.  
*Ecstasy*, alienation of mind.  
*Eminence*, exalted station.  
*Enkindle*, to make keen.  
*Eterne*, eternal.  
*Fantastical*, imaginary, creatures of fantasy.  
*Favour*, countenance.  
*Fee-grief*, a grief held, as it were, in fee-simple, or the peculiar property of him who possesses it.  
*Fell*, the hide, scalp.  
*File*, to defile.  
*Flaw*, *Netaph*, sudden emotion, or the cause of it.  
*For*, on account of, because of.  
*Forbid*, accursed, outlawed.  
*Forced*, strengthened.  
*Friend*, to befriend.  
*Gallowglas*, the irregular infantry of Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland.  
*Germins*, sprouting seeds.  
*Gaze*, an object of wonder.  
*God'ild*, God yield, or reward, a term of thanks.  
*Gout*, a drop.  
*Graymalkin*, a common name of old for a cat.  
*Gulf*, the throat.  
*Hermit*, a beadsman, one bound to pray for another.  
*Husbandry*, frugality.  
*Impress*, to compel to serve.  
*Incarnadine*, to dye red.  
*Insane*, that which causes insanity.  
*Intermission*, pause, delay.  
*Intrenchant*, not capable of being cut.  
*Invention*, imagination.  
*Jutty*, a projection.  
*Kern*, the rude foot soldiers of the Irish.  
*Know*, to acknowledge.  
*Latch*, to catch.  
*Limbec*, an alembic, a still.  
*Limited*, appointed.  
*Loon*, a low, contemptible fellow.  
*Maggot-pie*, a magpie, a pie which feeds on maggots.  
*Memorize*, to cause to be remembered.  
*Metaphysical*, supernatural.  
*Modern*, common, commonplace.  
*Mortal*, murderous.  
*Mortified*, ascetic.

<i>Napkin</i> , a handkerchief.	<i>Round</i> , a diadem.
<i>Old</i> , a cant term for great, as we say fine, or pretty.	<i>Scotch</i> , to bruise, or cut slightly.
<i>Owe</i> , to own.	<i>Scar</i> , scorched, withered.
<i>Paddock</i> , a toad.	<i>Seated</i> , fixed, confirmed.
<i>Pall</i> , to wrap as with a pall.	<i>Seeling</i> , closing, blinding.
<i>Patch</i> , rascal.	<i>Shards</i> , the wing cases of beetles.
<i>Pretence</i> , design.	<i>Shoughs</i> , shaggy dogs.
<i>Pretend</i> , to intend.	<i>Sightless</i> , invisible.
<i>Prophecy</i> , to utter strange or important things, to announce solemnly.	<i>Single</i> , feeble.
<i>Quarry</i> , game, a heap of dead game.	<i>Skirr</i> , to scour.
<i>Quell</i> , murder.	<i>Sleave</i> , floss-silk.
<i>Rapt</i> , transported with emotion.	<i>Sorriest</i> , most sorrowful.
<i>Ravin</i> , to devour.	<i>State</i> , a canopied chair.
<i>Rawness</i> , unprovided state.	<i>Suggestion</i> , temptation, enticement.
<i>Ronyon</i> , a term of contempt applied to a woman.	<i>Surcease</i> , cessation, end.
	<i>To</i> , compared to, in comparison with.
	<i>Utterance</i> , extremity.

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